BRISBANE
THIS WEEK

Jane Addams of Hull House What Is Reality? Ludendorff Said No. A Woodpecker Sermon

Miss Jane Addams of Hull House is dead. Rise not as admiration exists before men and women. She devoted her life and her fortune, all of her time, all of her money, to the welfare of suffering women and children. She was one of those few whose life is difficult not to believe in bravely.

If there were no future rewards for such goodness the entire universe, with its relativities, quantums, electrons and light-years, would be one ghastly joke.

Arthur Brisbane

Learned Professor Einstein, with the nice learned Professors B. Podolsky and N. Rosen, all of Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, makes a deep announcement that will interest those that can understand it.

This is It, condensed:

"A scientific theory can be decided which will completely describe reality."

It seems the present scientific theory, supposed to give a description of physical reality by the "quantum-mechanical" method, does not work out satisfactorily, and you are sorry you learned it.

It is pleasant to see scientists on the shore of the ocean of knowledge, playing with one or two little pebbles. Science is far from any "scientific theory that will completely describe reality," for science cannot tell what "reality" is.

In a universe without limits of time or space, made up of particles of electricity variously grouped, in electrons, atoms and molecules, no man-microbe can hope "completely to describe reality."

Chancellor Hitler of Germany conferred upon the fighting German General Ludendorff the title "field marshal general," highest rank in Germany's army. General Ludendorff, greatest, after Von Hindenburg, in the big war, declined with thanks, announced his retirement to a small hunting lodge in the Bavarian mountains. It is suggested that Germany's most distinguished living general did not feel that his glory could be increased by Chancellor Hitler, who was a corporal in the army of Austria.

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

There must be a sermon in the Chicago woodpecker that every morning woke his neighborhood drumming on a copper drainpipe.

The copper resisted, but the woodpecker drummed on until a boy with a slingshot stopped him forever. What is the sermon?

Does it deal with modern efforts to ignore the nature of man, stand old "Supply and Demand" on his head, and prove that super-intelligence can make the world over in ten minutes?

Professor Kemmerer, financial expert, of Princeton, worrying about inflation, "too much money in circulation," says the government is printing money twice as fast as it comes in. This, he says, is done by "pumping the banks full of artificial credit." Having done that, the government borrows its own money from the banks and pays them interest, which seems mildly amusing.

President Roosevelt may be right about professors. An eight-year-old girl missing in New York: all police detectives, plus 60 policemen, especially assigned, and troops of Boy Scouts searched the neighborhood vainly for 61 hours.

Prof. Taylor Putney, Jr., of New York university, said to the police: "I saw boys and girls dizzily crave in the sand late on the day of the girl's disappearance; look there," and pointed. There at the foot of the concrete wall the girl was found, apparently smothered by sand that had caved in. There is much in knowing how to look for what you want to find.

In New York city racketeers collect $10,000,000 a year from poultry dealers, fining, by way of persuasion, killed a few of them.

To discourage the racketeering, Police Commissioner Valentine tells merchants to "sling racketeers" at sight and offers to help them get revolvers for shooting.

An old poker player when he "raised" used to say: "The best way to discourage vice is to make it expensive."

Home of Perfumes

The number of flowers used in the manufacture of perfumes staggers the imagination. In a single year 10,000,000,000 jasmine blooms, about 40,000,000 pounds of roses and some 50,000,000 pounds of orange blossoms are harvested for the great perfumeries.

Odd Eye Ailment

Heneralopia is a condition of the eyes in which one can see, see clearly or without pain, only at night, in a faint light, or on dull or dark days; another name for it is day blindness.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News

1—Shipyard strikers picketing the plant of the New York Shipbuilding corporation in Camden, N. J. 2—Manuel Quezon, slated to be the first president of the Independent Philippine commonwealth, photographed as he sailed from San Francisco for the islands. 3—Russia's great propaganda plane, the "Maxim Gorky," which fell after collision with a small plane, 49 lives being lost.

Soviets Undismayed by Crash

Undaunted by the fate of the huge propaganda plane, Maxim Gorky, which recently crashed, killing 49 persons, the Soviet government has announced that three more of these giant planes will be built.

The Maxim Gorky was the largest plane in the world. While flying near Moscow it collided with a small escort plane in which the pilot was stunting in defiance of orders. Both craft crashed to the ground.

The big ship had no particular value except as a means of spreading propaganda. However, Soviet authorities immediately announced that a trio of new ships to be named Vladimir Lenin, Joseph Stalin and Maxim Gorky would be placed in construction at once

Champion High School Debaters

Herbert Shapiro and Carl Lundquist of Sioux Falls, S. D., were the winners in the national high school debating tourney recently conducted in Cleveland, Ohio.

Pilots of International Sky Train

These are the men who piloted the first international sky train, consisting of a tow plane and two gliders, from Miami to Havana and back with complete success. Left to right they are Jack O'Meara of New York and E. Paul Du Pont, Jr., of Wilmington, Del., glider pilots, and Edward Klein, pilot of the tow plane.

Serves as President's Contact Man

Charles West is President Roosevelt's contact man in his dealings with congress and travels frequently between the White House and the Capitol.

With the difficulties President Roosevelt is experiencing with this session of congress, West's job must be a busy one, and one which observers say will not be lightened as time goes on.

Feline Mrs. Dionne Didn't Like the "Hospital"

"Mrs. Tallspin," mascot of the Newark airport, was mighty proud of her newly born quintuplets, but like Mrs. Dionne of Canada, she didn't seem-to care for the neat little hospital provided for them. In the photograph she is seen trying to move the little ones to her own hideaway. The kittens are named U.A.L. E.A.L., A.A.L., T.W.A.—after prominent airlines—and A.T.D. in honor of Air Transport day.

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—In Paris a new Ford sedan costs, delivered, just about $1,700. Or about $1,000 more than it does in most American cities. Or about two and one half times the American price.

Which is of the essence when it comes to the problem of removing international trade barriers, as that problem is now being attacked, from two widely different angles and with much animosity between the advocates of the two plans, by Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Foreign Trade Adviser to the President, George N. Peek.

The amazing point about this price for Fords in Paris is that the French duty on automobiles has nothing to do with it! The Ford cars sold in Paris are not made in the United States, but in Strasbourg. Nor is the main element of this astonishing difference in cost due to high labor costs on the parts. It is almost exclusively due to the difference in cost of manufacture.

This difference in manufacturing costs results from the fact that the factory at Strasbourg, while an outpost as Ford engineers can make it, does not have the quantity production element which makes the price of the popular small cars so cheap in America. That one element, the writer is informed, accounts for almost $300 of the $1,000 difference in price here and in Paris.

Wages are an inconsequential phase, or would be, if mass production could be utilized in Strasbourg. It is perfectly true that the labor cost of constructing a car in France is much higher than in America, but the workers are paid less than those in Dearborn. The difference approximates $100 out of a man plowing with a tractor and one plowing with one horse. The man with the horse may be just as good a farmer, but he takes many times as long to plow an acre.

The same point applies to the difference between turning out twenty cars and turning out a thousand or two thousand a day.

Dealer's Profits

Even if there were no tariff—or far more important—no quota—in France against importation of American automobiles, of course, there could not be sold as cheaply in France as they are in the United States. The chief additional cost would be in dealers' profits. French dealers could not expect to sell as many, and therefore would have to make more on each car than dealers in American cities.

The element of freight would be very small. As evidenced by the fact that $100 is just about the top price for hauling a car from any American to Atlantic port to any European port. This is the price charged by the deluxe Italian liners from New York to Naples. It is much less on slower boats to the North sea ports.

Actually, adding about $20 for freight would be liberal.

The point of the whole case is that if international trade barriers could be removed, the people of the various countries of the world could enjoy a much higher standard of living than is at present the case. Yet fear on every hand is that instead of tending toward lowering these barriers the drift is trend in the world is for raising them.

As for example, the sharp limitation on imports of American automobiles, machinery, and other items, by Italy and Poland. Just last month!

German visitors to Washington in the last few weeks have talked gloomily about the prospects of each nation becoming self-contained.

"It means black bread for our people," one of them said, "but we can do it. What makes us despondent is that it seems so unnecessary."

Teeth Extracted

A back-stairs compromise has been reached on the public utility holding company bill, which has so emasculated its original drastic provisions that in all probability the White House will apply pressure in order to "put the teeth back in." Present prospects are that this effort, which is expected from President Roosevelt and the New Dealers, will fail. There is no discounting the flood of protests from utility stockholders which has poured in on individual senators and members of the house. It has turned the tide, not to the point where the personal legislators would openly defy the White House, but to a status where they are not willing to jump through hoops at the executive command.

One of the important phases of the new compromise is that it will exempt from the provision all holding companies whose interests are confined to operating companies inside one state. This does not sound important, but it lets a lot of rather big fish through the net.

Another modification is even more important. It exempts from the provisions of the proposed law holding companies whose operations are chiefly in one state, but extend for short distances beyond its borders. This would affect such important holding companies as Consolidated Gas of New York, Public Service of New Jersey and People's Gas of Chicago.

Still another compromise provision would exempt holding companies that are interested exclusively in operating companies outside the United States. Such as American and Foreign Power. So that first and last a considerable number of big holding companies, with—far more important politically—a considerable army of stockholders will be let out. Which of course packs their stockholders, thus reducing the amount of opposition that the final form of the bill might bring down on the devoted heads of senators and members of the house who vote for final passage.

"May" and "Shall"

In the under-cover negotiations which led to this compromise some of the gentlemen interested in saving many utility holding companies as a possible nearly lost their battle after they thought they had it won. The bill draft of text that emerged stated that exemptions in the language which used the word "may." That is, it gave the securities commission the right to exempt these companies if in its discretion it saw fit to do so. One of the most concerned hit the ceiling when he read that "may." He got very busy. Instead, and the draft now reads "shall." Meaning that such companies "shall" be exempted instead of "may."

Still another modification does leave discretion with the securities commission. This is to extend from five years to seven years the length of time a holding companies still retained may be in existence. They could not, however, be allowed to wind up their affairs and liquidate.

Which in a way is the most interesting of the changes. For the amendment used to give this additional discretion would not be appreciated at its face value, at all. It was thought enough leeway should be provided in the holding company act to permit a reversal of policy by the administration following the Roosevelt second term. Just in the event that things did not work out as expected.

And the fact that the argument somewhere—that it has been accepted by some very important senators and members of the house—would seem to indicate that some perfectly good Democrats are no longer taking all the present brain trust legislation as having been divinely inspired.

More Taxes Certain

More taxes are certain, despite all the propaganda by the administration one way, and by the bonus advocates the other. The taxes would be needed even if there were no bonus legislation at all. But there is going to be bonus legislation. Arguments by bonus lobbyists that to override the veto means the soldiers will get nothing are just so much drivel. If the bonus veto is sustained in the senate, as is now generally expected, some bonus measure will be passed later, which President Roosevelt can and will sign.

The bill probably be something not very far from the Harrison compromise, though the President has always hoped that the eventual cost to the treasury could be held to $1,200,000,000 which the Harrison plan exceeds by at least $100,000,000.

Every one agrees that the present so-called nuisance taxes, which expire in June, must be continued. The only one allowed to drop was that of 2 cents on each check, which expired last January.

Probability is that the most certain of all proposed new taxes to be adopted before adjournment of the present session of congress is an increase in the inheritance taxes.

Those fit in with the New Deal philosophy. It must be remembered that the Roosevelt ideal contemplates a nation of little fellows—no outstanding giants. Every plan with enough to buy an automobile. But none with enough to buy a yacht—unless it's a sailboat.

This is revealed in the intense desire to hold down profits—to hold down big fees—to protect the little fellow against the big. Which is true despite the frequent allegation that NRA was in the interest of the big fellows, and against the little man.

Fly In Ointment

Another phase of New Deal policy right down this same alley was the securities act—and the stock exchange regulation bill. The idea was not only to hold profits on ordinary business down to a fair percentage, but to prevent speculative profits of any kind.

Analyzed critically, it is easy to see that this would tend to prevent anyone not now rich from becoming so. But there was one fly in the ointment. Strict supervision of new security issues and curtailment of speculation, all tended in the direction of preserving existing fortunes.

They could also set them with heavy taxation, particularly on incomes, and on the corporation from which the income was derived. But a fortune invested in government bonds, for example, would be impervious to both.

Hence the popularity with New Dealers of inheritance taxes. Cynics comment that most of the New Dealers are young, and not worried about death duties. But the undeniable fact is that the New Dealers do want to do something about some of the very large fortunes now in existence. They regard them as a menace—a constant threat not only to the success of the New Deal politically, but to the actual working of New Deal ideals.

The New Dealers are helped in this aspiration to chisel away at the big fortunes by death duties by the fact that politically there is less danger to the average senator and member of the house in voting heavier inheritance taxes than almost any other variety of levy.

And when some of the other taxes under consideration are examined, it will be found that most of them have very important possible political repercussions. Such as the tax on life insurance premiums, for instance, despite the fact that it would be paid by the life insurance companies. And the tax on cheap movie admissions!

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GOLDEN DAWN

By PETER B. KYNE

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SYNOPSIS

Theodore Gatlin adopts a baby, "Penelope," in an effort to solve his matrimonial troubles. But his wife has never wanted her, and their affairs end in the divorce court. As an alimony settlement Gatlin is awarded Penelope on the nose. Mrs. Gatlin spirits the child to Europe. Gatlin wills Penelope to Dan, and is about to begin a search for her when a motor accident ends his life. Some ten years later, in San Francisco, Stephen Burt, young psychiatrist, is presented plans for a sanitarium which quarters Dan McNamara, chief of police, with new patient—Nance Belden, a girl with a dual personality, for which her "public nose" is in part responsible. McNamara does not think she is a criminal and obtains Burt's testimony in court. Lanny, the doctor's office nurse, is also won over. Nance's criminal record outweighs Doctor Burt's explanation of her case and she is sent to San Quentin penitentiary. Nance escapes, although shot, and goes to Lanny's apartment. There one of the men in the boat from which the girl escaped McNamara's home for Penelope Gatlin. He also discovers that she is heiress to $750,000. Fearful of McNamara, in his office, Lanny, the doctor's office nurse, is her apartment, asleep. Then she disappears, and McNamara learns that Lanny is living in Paris. He also discovers he is in love with Lanny.

CHAPTER IX—Continued —21—

"The instructions are fine, but why commit forgery by signing Dan's name? If the original is traced—"

"I have signed it Mac, and the world is filled with Macs. When Dan has reached his office, telephone him and tell him to do something that will prove in any court he was in his office when I filed this cablegram."

Lanny relented. "You might make a detective, at that."

Twenty minutes later Dan McNamara was listening to Lanny reading Stephen's cablegram over his private wire. "Excellent," was his sole comment, "but print it in block letters. Even a typewriter can betray one. When Steve files this telegram have him pay for it with a hundred-dollar bill and have him wear large black goggles and the rim of his hat pulled down all the way round. The girl who receives it will think one crook is cashing another. If she's ever asked what sort of man filed it, her description of the sender, plus my own per fect alibi, will put me in the clear."

"How are we to manage after she has eluded the Paris police?"

McNamara sighed gustily. "Flynn will be in touch with her bank, and every time she cashes a draft on her letter of credit, Flynn will have a line on her address."

"You're no help," Lanny snapped, and hung up. Half an hour later, from the company's main office, Stephen dispatched the cablegram.

With Dan McNamara definitely out of the fight, Stephen felt lonely and apprehensive. He wondered why the girl had fled to Paris in the face of Dan McNamara's instructions to flee to Lower California, to enter which no passport is required. He asked Lanny.

"Oh, that's no mystery, Stevie. I brought home from the office, intending to show it to Dan, an article by a celebrated plastic surgeon of Paris. Penelope read it with great interest. She went to Paris to consult this French plastic surgeon and also to have samples of her new nose drawn by a competent artist."

"So that's how the Paris police informed Dan she was having her portrait done by an American artist, eh? I suppose it will be her luck to be in a hospital undergoing the operation when the Paris police receive word to desert her."

"I'm afraid she's balled everything up, Stephen. Flynn will have the number of her passport and Dan will have no time to fix a new passport photograph on to it. They'll not trust to the photo to identify her if she tries to land. They'll check up on the passport number also."

"Will you never cease discussing this miserable business, Lanny?" Stephen burst out irritably. "If it hadn't been for you we wouldn't be in this wretched predicament."

When the captain of detectives called in Detective Sergeant P. Flynn and related to him the tale told to him by Mrs. Rudolph Merton. He struck the photograph under her nose and asked gruffly: "Is that Penelope Gatlin?"

A tremor ran over Mrs. Merton's face. It seemed to Flynn that she was frightened, disturbed.

"Well?" he demanded. "You can't expect the police to find your missing daughter if you don't help. Is this her picture or isn't it?"

"I—I don't know. I have never heard of her before."

"Never heard of her! Why, she's your daughter!"

"I haven't any daughter."

"Why, you called on the captain of detectives and asked him to find your daughter. What do you mean by telling me you've never heard of her?"

"I can't remember. I don't know. oh, please, please don't ask me! Some think terrible will happen. I—I—"

"You refuse to identify this photo as that of Penelope Gatlin?" Flynn was growing irritated.

Mrs. Merton's hysterics and a maid came in and asked P. Flynn to leave the house.

Flynn was profoundly irritated. He knew Penelope Gatlin was at 27 Rue San Quentin, and that somebody should be P. Flynn.

He went to San Jose that day and interviewed the officials of the bank, who, when he flashed his shield, gave him all the information they possessed. Dan McNamara had artfully destroyed all the girl's police photographs, but if she had secured a passport, Flynn argued to himself, she had left two of her passport photographs with the passport office, and Flynn knew he could borrow one of them.

Flynn's shield was an open sesame to the man in charge of the passport office. Two minutes after his arrival he knew Nance Belden had secured a passport.

Employing identically the same means McNamara had employed, he learned Penelope Gatlin in Paris within three days. But he had now to prove that Penelope Gatlin and Nance Belden were one and the same person, so he interviewed the United States marshal, who secured for him one of the girl's passport photographs. Armed with this, Flynn crossed the bay to San Quentin.

"Is that Nance Belden?" he asked the matron.

"That is Nance Belden," was the reply.

From the ferry he went at once to the home of Mrs. Rudolph Merton. He struck the photograph under her nose and asked gruffly: "Is that Penelope Gatlin?"

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Instantly Something Clicked in His Brain and He Knew He Was on the Trail of Nance Belden Again.

St. Honore, Paris, but he did not know that Nance Belden was! Back at central office, he composed the passport photograph with the substitute photograph Dan McNamara had pasted on Nance Belden's fake police record card —and knew it for a fake.

Suddenly it occurred to Flynn that he had had an official interview with everybody connected with this mysterious case, except for Stephen Burt.

"You're a fine one getting around to see me, Sergeant," Stephen charged, and indicated a large, comfortable arm chair.

"I called on you once, Doctor, but you didn't know it. That was the night after Nance Belden escaped from San Quentin. Me an' my partner trailed you to the chief's house."

"I've always thought you and the excellent Angelloti didn't make the best of your opportunities," Stephen murmured. "Still, I suppose you were playing with dynamite."

"We were," said Flynn, "but no more. The chief's one of the biggest-hearted men in the world, but a picnic egg if you rub him the wrong way. So we pussy-footed."

"No fair man could deny the excellence of your pussy-footing. I know all about it. How about a wee Dock an' Dorla?" Stephen suggested.

"There's an idea for you, Doctor."

Stephen summoned the butler and ordered the drink. Flynn, with great deliberation, produced Penelope's photograph.

"Do you know the lady?" he queried. "I think I do, Sergeant."

"Who is she?"

"Is there any reason why I should express an opinion?"

"Not unless you choose to be good-natured. I suppose you know you're in Dutch for aiding and abetting an escaped convict."

"Well?"

"Naturally we don't want to make the going hard for a man of your standing," Flynn continued.

"My dear sergeant, you would have started the fireworks long ago if you had anything tangible to proceed upon."

Flynn sipped his highball. "You're being well paid for shielding this girl, of course. I don't blame you a bit, but —you're too big a figure in your profession to get into trouble with the police."

"Dan McNamara is my friend."

"Well, Mac is out of it. He can't protect you because he must protect himself. It might interest you to know that Nance Belden and a lost heiress, Penelope Gatlin, are the same person, and I have the Paris police watching her right now."

"Are you quite certain the girl is still at that Paris address?" asked Stephen.

"I know it."

"I know she isn't—and the Paris police do not know where she is."

"Do you?"

"No, but if I did I wouldn't tell you."

"Look here," said Flynn. "What's it worth to your young girl friend to have me lay off the case?"

"I'll give you twenty dollars in Confederate currency. You were offered real money once and refused it."

They looked at each other searchingly, then both laughed. "I see there ain't much use pumpin' you, Doc," Flynn admitted. "Well, a fellow can't be ruled off for trying."

"When were you to see a doctor last?"

"At the age of twenty-two. Why?"

"How old are you?"

"Forty-two."

"Well, just to prove I'm friendly I'll give you a quick physical examination. It may save you a fee later from some other physician. Mind if I give you a quick look-see?"

"Go to it," said Flynn.

Stephen tested Flynn's heart action and lungs and took his blood pressure. "You're up thirty-six points," he told him.

Flynn was distinctly perturbed. "What does that mean?"

"It means that you have a fairly well developed case of hardening of the arteries. If you were to be re-examined physically, for promotion, you might be retired on pension."

"I couldn't afford that," cried Flynn. "I've got a wife and five children."

"Nevertheless, I would suggest you apply for a six months' leave of absence and have me treat you. How's your eyesight?"

"Grand," P. Flynn mumbled.

"I doubt it, Sergeant. I'll bet you a hundred dollars you cannot look into this little mirror fifteen minutes without averting your gaze. Want to earn the hundred?"

"I can't afford that much of a bet, Doc."

"Well, then, we'll not bet, but if you can I'll give you a hundred dollars."

Stephen produced a hand mirror and held it two feet in front of Flynn and about six inches above the level of his glance. He took out his watch. "Go!" he said. "And remember I'm watching you. If you get through this test successfully there's hope for your arteriosclerosis."

P. Flynn grinned and gazed. In three minutes the effort oppressed him. Stephen's voice reached him as from a distance.

"You are going to sleep, Sergeant."

Then, "You can't stand it, Sergeant. You're going to sleep, I tell you—to sleep."

"I'm not," Flynn protested drowsily, just as his eyes closed and his head fell forward on his breast.

Stephen's soft hands stroked the detective's brow. "Why did you fail to see me?"

"To get you to identify the photograph," Flynn's voice was faint.

"Why was that necessary?"

Flynn hesitated, struggled a little, but lay back quietly again as Stephen's facile hands resumed their light massazing. "Are you going to oppose me, Sergeant?"

"No, Doctor."

"Will you answer questions truthfully?"

"Yes, Doctor." The tones were dead and lifeless, for Flynn slept a hypnotic sleep.

"Why was it necessary that I should identify the photograph?"

"I've got to know before I act, Doctor. The matron at San Quentin says it's Nance Belden, but the photograph is on the passport of Penelope Gatlin."

"Why do you want this girl?"

"She made a fool out of me—and she can pay well to be let alone."

"You're not interested in seeing her returned to prison?"

"Not a d—n bit, Doctor. Why should I?"

"That name, Penelope Gatlin, is bad luck," Stephen warned. "Never repeat it to a human soul. If you do it may mean your death. And your oldest child will be kidnaped, tortured and killed."

"Oh, God, no!" Flynn cried out in agony.

"You must forget Penelope Gatlin and Nance Belden. Will you?"

"Yes, Doctor."

TO BE CONTINUED.

In Case of Emergency

Even the optimist carries a spare tire.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. ©, Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for June 9

THE HOLY SPIRIT (Pentecost Lesson)

LESSON TEXT—John 16:7-11; Romans 8:16-17, 26, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT—For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Romans 8:14.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Keeps His Promise.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Coming of the Holy Spirit.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How the Holy Spirit Helps Us.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Work of the Holy Spirit.

I. The Holy Spirit Promised (Joel 2:28, 29).

The prophet foretold that i. messianic times there would be a mighty effusion of the Holy Spirit.

1. He was to be poured out.

2. He was to be bestowed upon all flesh, irrespective of age, sex, or class.

3. This outpouring was to issue in extraordinary activity and service.

4. This activity was to be accompanied by marvelous signs.

II. This Prophetic Promise Was Partially Fulfilled at Pentecost (Acts 1:1-21, 32, 33).

The unusual behavior of the disciples at Pentecost, with Peter's preaching which resulted in the conversion of thousands, evidenced the supernatural, but the cosmic signs which the prophet predicted to take place in heaven and earth were not in evidence. The real fulfillment of the prophet's prediction is in the future and will find fulfillment in connection with the regathering of Israel and the establishment of the Messianic Kingdom.

III. Some Names of the Holy Spirit.

1. Comforter (John 14:16, 17). "Comforter" means literally "one called to one's side as a part taker, an advocate, a helper and defender." He is called "another Comforter" as he was to take the place of Jesus.

2. The Witness (John 15:26). The spirit peculiarly witnesses of Christ. He does not speak of himself, but takes the things of Christ and shows them unto us (John 16: 13).

3. The Spirit of Truth (John 16:13). The Holy Spirit guides into all truth. Those who are taught by him know the truth.

IV. Some Works of the Spirit.

1. He regenerates (John 3:3-8). The new birth is peculiarly the Spirit's work.

2. He teaches (John 14:26). The Holy Spirit was to take up the work of teaching the disciples.

3. He convicts the world of sin (John 16:8, 9). The Holy Spirit alone can show men the demands of their lives and their shortcomings before God.

4. Convicts the world of righteousness (John 16:10). Christ's resurrection and ascension of Christ prove that he is the Righteous One and that righteousness is only possible as he is accepted as Savior.

5. Convicts the world of Judgment (John 16:11). Sin unatoned for shall be punished. The manner who refuses the righteousness which God provided in Jesus Christ shall be judged.

6. Gives victory over the flesh (Rom. 8:2, 12, 13). By the energy of the Holy Spirit the carnal nature can be kept in subjection.

7. He leads the believer (Rom. 8:14). The Spirit-filled believer lives the life of the Son of God.

8. He gives assurance to the believer (Rom. 8:15-17). The Holy Spirit witnesses together with the human spirit to the reality of the new birth.

9. Enables the believer to pray according to the will of God (Rom. 8:26, 27). The Holy Spirit helps the believer's infirmities in prayer.

V. The Diversity of the Gifts of the Spirit (1 Cor. 12:4-11).

In the Church there are to be found those possessing the gifts of wisdom, faith, healing, miracles, prophecy, discernment of spirits, divers kinds of tongues and their interpretation.

VI The Sealing of the Spirit (Eph. 1:13, 14).

Into the regenerated life comes the Holy Spirit at once. The indwelling of the Divine Spirit is God's seal of ownership. It is not only a seal of ownership, but of security. It is also the guarantee of the completion of the work of redemption.

VII. The Unity of the Spirit (Eph. 4:3-6).

Christian unity is only possible when effected by the one Holy Spirit.

VIII. The Sin of Grieving the Spirit (Eph. 4:30).

The Spirit may be grieved by failure to respond to his initiative, by yielding to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the vainglory of life, by failure to render full and free obedience, as well as failure to surrender every faculty of the being to his control and direction.

Joy

Joy is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting nature; joy moves the wheels of the great timepiece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from their firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the astronomer.—Schiller.

Nobleness

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own. —James Russell Lowell.

Color Dictionary Lists 220 Standarized Tints

A dictionary of colors has recently been published by the British Color council. It consists of two volumes—one containing 220 silk ribbons each distinctly colored, named and tabulated; and the other presenting a history of each color, including the names which have described it in the past, and giving the authority for the present standardization.

While the primary purpose of the dictionary is to supply industry with a standard reference for colors, the work is expected to give valuable aid to artists and writers through an appropriate and accurate vocabulary for the description of shades and tints.

Colors have been "scientifically measured" and graded, making possible the inclusion of new shades, should they be developed in the future, into a definite and orderly system. Imagery, history and industry have combined to find names, some of the words having a fascination and delight of their own. Taken at random from the pages are Cyclamen pink, nettle gray, battleship gray, bee-eater blue, Chartreuse green, buttercup and banana.

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